



POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

THE POET : The Simplicity of Business
finding a voice: Life through the Musings
of the Scientist Poet.

David Scanlon

PUBLISHERS DETAILS

“All movements, except directly revolutionary ones, are headed, not by those who originate them, but by those who know best how to compromise between old opinions and new.”

J.S. Mill (1971) [Mill on Bentham and Coleridge](#). Chatto & Windus: London (Page 42)

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

“How can a truth, new to us, be made our own without examination and self-questioning - any new truth, I mean, that relates to the properties of the mind, and it’s various faculties and affections? But whatever demands effort, requires time. Ignorance seldom *vaults* into knowledge, but passes into it through an intermediate state of obscurity, even as night into day through twilight. All speculative truths begin with a postulate, even the truths of geometry. They all suppose an act of the will; for in the moral being lies the source of the intellectual. The first step to knowledge, or rather the previous condition of all insight into truth, is to dare to commune with our very and permanent self.”

S.T. Coleridge(1997) [Spiritual Writings](#). Fount Paperbacks: London (Page 80)

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge \(1772 - 1834\)](#)

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POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

THE POET - THE SIMPLICITY OF BUSINESS
FINDING A VOICE: LIFE THROUGH THE MUSING
OF THE SCIENTIST POET

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS



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PUBLISHERS DETAILS

DEDICATION	v
TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE	vi
STYLES OF PRESENCE	vii

POEMS

THINK SIMPLE	1
MISSING TOGETHER	2
SIMPLE WORDS	4
GENTLENESS BEYOND THE BIRTH OF MANKIND	5
OH! TO FIND THE WORDS	6
अधिकार - Mahadevi Varma	7
RIGHTS (अधिकार) - Translation David Scanlon	8
SPEAK OF TIMES OF JOY	9
PERFECTION	10
KNOWLEDGE OF POWER	11
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP	12
STAYING IN LANES	13
TEARS FORGOTTEN: FEARS FORGIVEN	14
A MASK LESS HIDDEN FOR FRIENDS	15
IN THE MOMENT	16
CARE SUSTAINS	17
MOVING FORWARD TOGETHER	18
FAR FROM THEIR REACH	19
FOR FRIENDSHIP	20
WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?	21
LIFE BEYOND THE BEAST	22
HEALING LOVE	23
WHY I WRITE	25

FOR CHRIS SCANLON,
ADRIAN SCANLON, BERENICE
SCANLON, & DENNIS SCANLON

THE ONES WHO SHAPED MY SANITY
AND ALMOST KEPT ME SENSIBLE

CERTAIN IT IS THAT IN THE ORDINARY DRAMA THE INDISPENSABLE DIALOGUE BY NO MEANS CORRESPONDS TO REALITYONE MAY EVEN AFFIRM THAT THE POEM DRAWS THE NEARER TO BEAUTY AND LOFTIER TRUTH IN THE MEASURE THAT IT ELIMINATES WORDS THAT MERELY EXPLAIN THE ACTION AND REPLACES THEM BY OTHERS THAT REVEAL NOT THE SO-CALLED “SOUL-STATE,” BUT I KNOW NOT INTANGIBLE AND UNCEASING STRIVING OF THE SOUL TOWARDS ITS BEAUTY AND TRUTH.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE (1898)- MAURICE MAETERLINCK

STYLES OF PRESENCE: THE ENCOURAGING PRESENCE HELPS YOU AWAKEN YOUR GIFT

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHOSE PRESENCE IS ENCOURAGING. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIFTS IN THE WORLD IS THE GIFT OF ENCOURAGEMENT. WHEN SOMEONE ENCOURAGES YOU, THEY HELP YOU OVER THE THRESHOLD YOU MIGHT OTHERWISE NEVER HAVE CROSSED ON YOUR OWN. THERE ARE TIMES OF GREAT UNCERTAINTY IN EVERY LIFE. LEFT ALONE AT SUCH TIME, YOU FEEL DISHEVELMENT AND CONFUSION LIKE A GRAVITY. WHEN A FRIEND COMES WITH WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT, LIGHTNESS VISITS YOU AND YOU BEGIN TO FIND THE STAIRS AND THE DOOR OUT OF THE DARK. THE SENSE OF ENCOURAGEMENT YOU FEEL FROM THEM IS NOT SIMPLY THEIR WORDS OR GESTURES; IT IS RATHER THEIR WHOLE PRESENCE ENFOLDING YOU AND HELPING YOU FIND THE CONCEALED DOOR. THE ENCOURAGING PRESENCE MANAGES TO UNDERSTAND YOU AND PUT ITSELF IN YOUR SHOES. THERE IS NO JUDGEMENT BUT WORDS OF RELIEF AND RELEASE.

ENCOURAGEMENT ALSO HELPS YOU TO ENGAGE AND TRUST YOUR OWN POSSIBILITY AND POTENTIAL. SOMETIMES YOU ARE ABLE TO SEE THE SPECIAL GIFT THAT YOU BRING TO THE WORLD. NO GIFT IS EVER GIVEN FOR YOUR PRIVATE USE. TO FOLLOW YOUR GIFT IS A CALLING TO A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE OF DISCOVERY. SOME OF THE DEEPEST LONGING IN YOU IS THE VOICE OF YOUR GIFT. THE GIFT CALLS YOU TO EMBRACE IT , NOT TO BEFRIEND IT. THE ONLY WAY TO HONOUR THE UNMERITED PRESENCE OF THE GIFT IN YOUR LIFE IS TO ATTEND TO THE GIFT; THIS IS ALSO A MOST DIFFICULT PATH TO WALK. EACH GIFT IS DIFFERENT; THERE IS NO PLAN OR PROGRAMME YOU CAN GET READY-MADE FROM SOMEONE ELSE. THE GIFT ALONE KNOWS WHERE ITS PATH LEADS. IT CALLS YOU TO COURAGE AND HUMILITY. IF YOU HEAR ITS VOICE IN YOUR HEART, YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO FOLLOW IT. OTHERWISE YOUR LIFE COULD BE DRAGGED INTO THE VALLEY OF DISAPPOINTMENT. PEOPLE WHO TRULY FOLLOW THEIR GIFT FIND THAT IT CAN OFTEN STRIP THEIR LIVES AND YET INVEST THEM IN A SENSE OF ENRICHMENT AND FULFILMENT THAT NOTHING ELSE COULD BRING. THOSE WHO RENEGE ON OR REPRESS THEIR GIFT ARE UNWITTINGLY SOWING THE SEEDS OF REGRET.

ETERNAL ECHOES (2000) JOHN O'DONOHUE (1956-2008)

(PAGE 63)

“Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true role was that of the man of the world a sage - a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues.”

POEMS

T.S. Eliot (1953) The use of poetry and the use of criticism. Faber and Faber Ltd : London. (page 99)



David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for AstraZeneca and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in need of new

treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This second collection is written for all my business friends who have created the many poetic moments.

THINK SIMPLE

Simple words of kindness
Provide a reassurance to try;
Harsh words of challenge
Provide that reason to cry.

Simple words of challenge
Ensure that we stay humane;
Harsh words of kindness
Ensure the passion to remain.

MISSING TOGETHER

Today I listened to your voice
But heard beyond the words.
Seeing beyond the words
Moves towards a perceived fantasy
Made of the emotional essence
That creates the poetic observations.
Intuitive understanding is poetic,
Beyond the realms of rational ideology.
Air knowledge of earths wisdom
Gathered over time refines a being:
Not to shape a supernatural human
But the essence of true humility.
Not being able to understand
Yet to see and to feel 'it' as a thing -
As clear as the flowers of the garden,
Fresh and alive, named in latin,
Sourced in the actual light-space -
Requires poetic words of meaning.

The outsider wanting to be inside
Also sees the ways of self and other
Through the inner turmoil, resolved,
Ever moving towards unknown ends;
Perennial inability to satisfy with words
Yet constantly seeking understanding.
The insider not wanting to be outside -
Afraid of the cloudiness of rejection,
worried about the world beyond self -
Is manufactured to bury the unknown,
To allow functioning in the simple world,
In which the majority live becalmed.
Attempting to stay human and humane
Within the outside and inside of seeing,
Among those who choose to hide and play,
Whilst constantly trying to describe the world
Is the lot of the inside outside poet
Who lives in the world of normality.

SIMPLE WORDS

The simplest words ache with meaning
Awaiting their full release in a listening ear.
Delving deeper into the heart of meaning making
Holds the possibility of emerging wiser.
Never hold back from the easy words
That draw together communities eager to relate.
Leave the hardened words for technocrats
Who need the precision and beauty
Which only comes from purest wisdom,
The insight from which science grows.

GENTLENESS BEYOND THE BIRTH OF MANKIND

Let the gentleness of us celebrate the joy of time.
Never far from the human care is the other,
The beast who has a name but cannot be named.
He lives among us constantly shaping our words.
Listen to the one for too long and we become lost;
Hopelessly swaying and whistling to his wind
The movement of the dark has full control.

Wickedness beyond the birth of mankind holds us.
Within our Mother Earth lies the kindness we seek,
Never far from our time bound world she waits to speak.
What holds back the charm and vulnerability
Which shows that true essence of humanities grace.
Let her voice hold forth and take us along our journey:
The destination we crave is awaiting our arrival.

Leave the wickedness to those who need it to live.
Why should he dominate her voice, the hard one.
Let the world see the she-he working together.
Finding the spoken words to calm the noisy one
Is one way but leaves space for another truth;
She is the driving force behind the he-devil
Who makes sense in the world of dominant others.

OH! TO FIND THE WORDS

Oh! To find the words
That speak to others of our otherness
And transcend the grim voice.

Oh! To find the words
That could wrap you in the infinite love
And materialise my heart.

Oh! To find the words
That gather at the edge of our existence
And tear at my soul.

Oh! To find the words
That can share with you my pain
And heal our separation.

Oh! To find those words
And share them in the triumph
Of souls intertwined forever.

अधिकार - Mahadevi Varma

वे मुस्काते फूल, नहीं
जिनको आता है मुझांना,
वे तारों के दीप, नहीं
जिनको भाता है बुझ जाना।

वे नीलम के मेघ, नहीं
जिनको है घुल जाने की चाह,
वह अनन्त रितुराज, नहीं
जिसने देखी जाने की राह।

वे सूने से नयन, नहीं
जिनमें बनते आँसू मोती,
वह प्राणों की सेज, नहीं
जिसमें बेसुध पीड़ा सोती।

ऐसा तेरा लोक, वेदना; नहीं,
नहीं जिसमें अवसाद,
जलना जाना नहीं,
नहीं जिसने जाना मिटने का स्वाद!

क्या अमरों का लोक मिलेगा
तेरी करुणा का उपहार?
रहने दो हे देव! अरे
यह मेरा मिटने का अधिकार!

RIGHTS (अधिकार) - After Mahadevi Varda

Never does the flower smile
Come to those who wilt,
Nor does the North star
Extinguish those who shine.

Never will the amethyst cloud
Dissolve for those who need,
Nor will Rituraj eternal,
Find for us the ending.

Never did his deserted eyes,
Loose the beads of tears.
Nor in his living dreams
Let sleep hide the delirious pain.

So people, let not anguish,
Nor depression of life,
Nor the desire to live,
Disappear like the taste!

Those who follow will see you,
Your gift of compassion?
Leave me O God! Let me loose:
It's my right to find my way!

SPEAK OF TIMES OF JOY

Sitting, carefully waiting
Honed to accept place,
Beyond all needs to crave,
Within our quietude home,
A joyful thought spins
Dancing in delirious mirth.
Where will it end? It will end.
How will it land with you?

Wandering in wondrous space
Amongst the everyday things
That muster us in life
Lies the togetherness sought;
Drifting together and apart
Constantly being at one
In a making of our love,
Grown of granite, soft as fur.

Music plays of Alice
A familiar voice of longing
That has anchored time.
Our time of togetherness
Can never be replaced.
Never will it come again.
Sitting, carefully waiting
Honed we accept our love.

PERFECTION

Can you live with the imperfections
That dominate the world of man?
Or is each one the energy which drives
The incessant technology that can

Provide the illusions from desire?
What is within our imperfections
That stimulates the energy of man?
Can it be harnessed to drive our lives
To an inherent beauty which can
Provide the growth from desire?

Accepting we are the imperfections,
That provides the nurture of man,
Then we accept our lives and drives
And seek understanding which can
Provide peace from the desire.

KNOWLEDGE OF POWER

Knowledge is the instrument of the wise
Power is the instrument of those who seek it:
A good life requires a curiosity to acquire
The knowledge that is impossible to find;
A good person requires a patience to wait
For the wisdom within to inspire without;
A good leader requires a strength to withhold
The urges to glorify the self at others expense.
Knowledge is the honour of the wise
Power is an honour bestowed on a few.
Let those who seek power
Respect the honour bestowed,
Live a curious and good life
Where knowledge is truth.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Friendship moves silently,
Never in hurry to do:
Forever present within me,
Always current in you.

Humanity rushes noisily,
Always in a hurry to do:
Forever present within me,
Never present in a few.

Love plays carefully,
Never in hurry to be:
Forever present within you,
Always current in me.

STAYING IN LANES

In pursuing the dreams of our fathers
We can live in the shadow of others:
Carving out the shape of ones-self
Requires self-respect and belief.
Experiencing the movement of time
Provides a tick-tock of opportunities
That require the courage to be.
Staying in lanes is the discipline:
Knowing when to leave is the art
Of living with a spirit of the new.

TEARS FORGOTTEN: FEARS FORGIVEN

When will we move on from this?
How will a new day dawn
Beyond the boundaries of selfhood?

How can we truly sit in another's seat?
When will a new day dawn
With fears forgiven and tears forgotten?

A MASK LESS HIDDEN FOR FRIENDS

I feel today an overwhelming sense of sadness,
Deepened by an imminent departure from familiarity.
Rather than filled with a sense of hope for the new
Within is a deep grieving for that which will not be again.

Judgment of the I, who feels deeply, hurts more.
Admixing a sense of shame, for acknowledging the self,
With the morose, creates an inappropriate worthlessness:
Heavy burdening baggage to be hidden with a smile.

Lifting the weight of the innerness in the daily living
Requires a mask of desperation, a fragility with falsehood
Which can be penetrated both by the caring voice of friendship
Or the drive and oppression of the uncaring taskmaster.

Finding words and expressions to harden the shell
Carries the loneliness of the silent voices, an uncaring tone
Which risks the humanity which we all crave deeply:
A perpetual hiding for the fear of a love which may be lost.

In accepting of the fullness of self's unconscious frailty
I find the beauty and truth of the words that speak my humanity:
A going on together which allows the mask to fall for the caring friend,
And harden fully for those who see what they want to see.

IN THE MOMENT

Pleasures seldom come in ways we can predict
They caress and muddle our mind in the moment:
The release of joy is in the discovery of our togetherness.

Seldom do things that matter deeply come easily.
In the patience to stay and humility to know we belong;
The release of ideas is in the discovery of our togetherness.

With the truth of friendship we accept limitations:
Through harnessing ourselves together, for the value of others,
We release ourselves in the discovery of togetherness.

CARE SUSTAINS

In friendship we find those we trust;
With honour we find a way to survive,
With practice we learn to believe,
In time we establish our truths:
Care sustains us through it all.

MOVING FORWARD TOGETHER

Some people gather together the moment,
Holding it together clearly for others to see:
Never do they waiver from the people's heart,
Calmly reaching back to places of aesthetic peace
So that moving forward as one is paced firmly
In a way that achievement and humanity exist.

FAR FROM THEIR REACH

Foundling machines went missing for a while
As humanity emerged together in the present;
Never far from the things we name for each other
The aesthetic meaning is always between,
Far from the reach of the imposter engines.

The imagined machines of today claim truth
As humanity stumbles with the scale of speech:
The truths of our meaning making do not change
As our laughter and love echoes through time,
Far from the reach of the imposter machines.

FOR FRIENDSHIP

It is never clear what the words of our days create,
Always restless they dance around looking for meaning
That often comes at the strangest times of day:
Beyond the hurly-burly of the goings on together
There is one truth that stands out beacon like.
Towering above the everyday and the humdrum
Is a word always beyond the world of machines,
One never to be found beyond humanities gift,
Accessible to all without prejudice and favour:
Friendship is the bond that creates our world.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

As you have come to know your truth
There might be times, when filled with doubt,
That the struggle did not generate the proof:
But rather, more a thought, ' What is all this about?"

Growing through the painful, stirring, moments -
That come a haunting when filled with doubt -
The passing truth is generated, in elements,
That sustain a thought, 'I trust what I am about?"

LIFE BEYOND THE BEAST

I cannot move for all my pain
Which reminds me of my tumours reign;
Upon my body I have no control
The beast within has taken hold.
The briefest hope that it has gone
Let's me think that I have won.
So I will take your given drug
And dream of my grandchild's hug.

HEALING LOVE

I speak of love, found in you
That day amongst the orchard blossom.
Never was the smell of spring so clear
As that day which draw together our fate.
They said that love is togetherness separated,
Never truer than in our briefest of touches.
Did you know of our love; the love I felt then.

The world was broken when our first words joined.
Echoing resonances trumpeted in my ears:
Your touch and voice and penetrating stare
Reached inside and caressed my soul.

The half remembered moments of our togetherness
Still live deep in the present: alive
With the fears that belonging requires.

Twenty years have passed since that first day
Family, work and daily living have aged me now:
The day never passes without our fruitful memory returning.

I speak of love, found in you,
That day amongst the orchard blossom:
In the days which followed
Did my love hold and caress your torment.
They said that love is healed separation.
My overflowing heart assures me
That the apple blossom eased your passing.

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Why I write

“Inspiring You are in the ‘wrong’ business :)”

Suzanne Tracy

“Tears welled into my eyes as I read this – triggered by both your thoughtfulness in writing it and the content..... Tears well up all the time (less frequent as the days pass).

Each day shopping in Sainsbury every aisle triggers tears as I see apples, pears, grapes, kids cartons of fruit juice, ice cream, after eight mints and other things that I have found brought comfort to mother. There is a hole left as the routines that became established over the months have now disappeared.....

... Words are meaningful to you as a poet and mother wrote poetry in her youth. Some of her words stick in my mind – her response to my asking “are you hungry” was “I am hungry for your wordsyour words nourish me.”

.... many lines of your poem capture the positive essence of remembrance – I have a quiet satisfaction about the past seven months.Thank you for your thoughts. Your poem stimulated me to reply and writing things down like this helps me to work my way through the grieving process. So double thank you!”

Mellor Hennessy

“I am so touched by your lovely poem. I am not very good at writing but would really like to say that you have been the most inspiring person I ever got a chance to work with” **Ritika Jain.**

“Not that I was in any doubt about you being Bonkers, but this proves beyond reasonable doubt. I will of course be purchasing a copy to further assess the evidence” **Michael Start**

“Every word of your poems that I read. It reminds me, over and over again, about the depth and breadth of this “other side of you”, that I was not aware of at all”

Jan Hase

“you are creating poems which rather than just escaping from your work environment, step back and look into it and make it central to the art you create.”

Steve Scrace